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vildest of sinners, degraded and low,  
cleansed, lifted up and made pure;  
self-righteous, too, are made good  
and true,  
longer on self they depend;  
glory to God, His Salvation still multiplies  
sorts and conditions of men.

you honestly desire that Jesus  
t should be crowned on earth no  
r with the thorns of mockery and  
d and indifference as at present,  
with the love and worship of the fif-  
hundred million souls who walk  
this planet? Is your yearning  
hing more than hypocritical, senti-  
l talk? If so, come along and buy  
rice, the first instalment of which  
presentation of your body, mind  
eart, with all body, mind and heart  
ommand, a living sacrifice, to be, to  
nd to do whatever He reveals as  
likely to give Him that victory and  
ement which will make Him a real  
sign from shore to shore and from  
new!"—The General.

no lie ever on the wing  
With its song and sorrow;  
I've to do some good to-day—  
Vain not till to-morrow.  
—Song of the Old Suddal.

**WAR CRY.** Official Gazette of the  
Evangelical Army, published by John M.  
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t Street, Toronto.

# THE WAR CRY



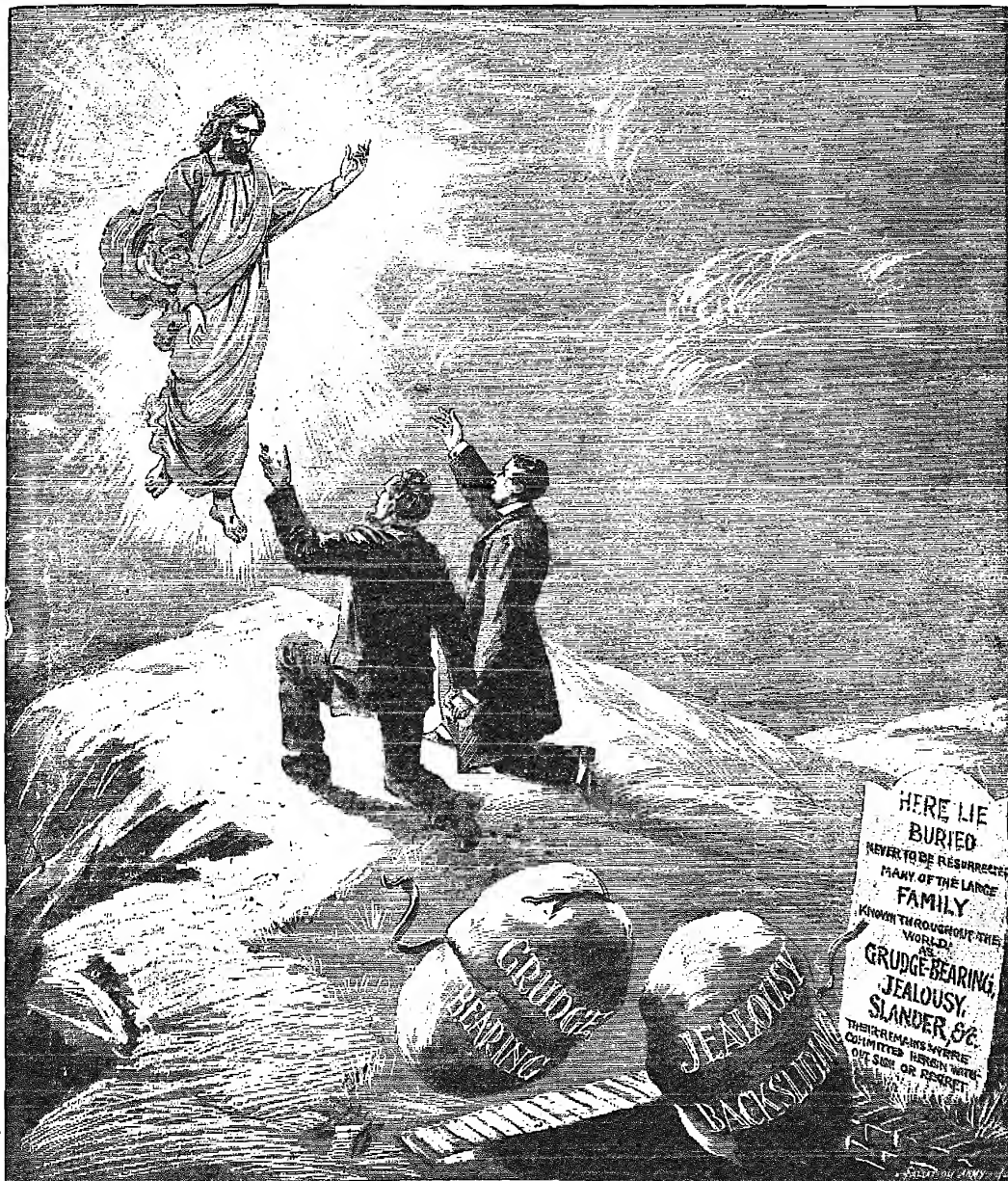
VOL. II. No. 52.

WILLIAM BOUTH.  
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

EVANGELINE BOUTH.  
[Caretaker for North-Western America.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.



"BACK TO JESUS."

Dedicated to our Lost but Still-Loved Comrades, the Backsliders, with the Earnest Prayer that this Summer's Campaign will see them all Back to the Saviour's Field.





## Divided Councils.

"Mr. Winton," spoke the chairman, "have you any remarks to make?"

"No," said only that I totally disagree with the recommendations of our worthy friend."

"Oh I oh!" from five or six.

"What would you propose, then, Mr. Winton?" asked Slim, rubbing his perspiration off his brow.

"Let them alone!"

"Unstatesmanlike!" cried Mr. Wilcox.

"That's the virtue!" cried Slim. "Suppose we go to the door and look at them?"

"Fine sport, gentlemen," laughed the proprietor, who led his distinguished guests to the main entrance of the "Bull Inn."

An unusual spectacle met their gaze. A big crowd of men, women and children were surging in the direction of the bar. At first sight the crowd appeared disorderly, noisy and dangerous, but a closer view revealed a most remarkable sight.

## Maggie Among Them!

Beside the Officers, edit or ten persons, well-known in the town, were sitting lustily, and occasionally raising their hands and cheering their eyes, as if to signify their realization of the reality of their mission. The words rang out very clearly above the din of the rabble—

"I am so wonderfully saved from sin, Jesus He lives and dwells within, Glory to His Name!"

Sim was indignant. "Gentlemen," he cried, "there comes a living demonstration of the very embodiment of what I have been arguing. And look, upon my word, they are bonny. Maggie Anderson among them, singing."

Dick Winton's heart sickened. "It is I, I declare," said young Joshua, quietly. "They will defend her. It ought to be stopped—really. Why, bless my heart—they are going to stand right up against us!"

And sure enough they did, and the first to enter the room to testify, in the face of the respectable inn and face to face with her old lover, was Maggie Anderson. (To be Continued.)

## TRITE TRUTHS.

By ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

THE truth of truths is love.

HE who only is just is cruel.

THE greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy.

THE earth is our workshop and Heaven is our storeroom. Are your treasures precious souls?

A BAG of wind may be taken for a sack of corn till it is dried and tithed. Does your work consist of spiritual lack and/or jawbone?

"CEASE YE FROM MAN WHOSE BREATH IS IN HIS NOSTRIL FOR WHEREIN IS HE TO BE ACCOUNTED OF?" Those words were given me from the Lord in thinking over the action of some who live to destroy both soul and body if they could of their comrades struggling heavenward. A good answer!

SUMMER, YOU'D BETTER PAY



YOUR ruin is your plan for mercy, your poverty of soul your plan for grace, your wish need of Salvation as you stand on the brink of hell is the motive for God's goodness in reaching out a strong, helping hand to save you. Take hold! Be

## COL. JACOBS' HOLINESS EXPERIENCE.

J. H. M., War Cry Correspondent, London.

**H**IS FIRST felt the stirrings of Spirit at seven years old, but was not converted till the age of twenty. This first impulse was to

PREACH CHRIST IN THE OPEN AIR,

and with his two sisters he held meetings at their own doorstep shortly after.

Some two years later, the Spirit of God spoke directly to his heart about doing the whole will of God, and although he had never read any holiness books, nor even heard of the blessing of a clean heart more than once or twice, he was convinced there was a higher experience to be had than his yet attained.

After a terrible struggle, much prayer and seeking, one moonlight night, under an old oak tree, he consecrated himself entirely to God, and forever that rest which is found not in heaven, but on earth for the people of God, and rest from unholy sin.

## SOULS! SOULS! SOULS!

A Platform Talk by Ensign Kenway, Newfoundland.

**I**S NOT THE SOUL OF MAN of priceless value?

Doth not Jesus say "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and yet how few people we find around, who are anxious about their souls!

The majority are careless and indifferent, will crowd out all thoughts that come to them from time to time concerning their souls' welfare, and yet at the end hope TO GET SAVED!

How many souls there are that the devil has deluded thus!

"Pardon of time!"

"Jesus will save you at any time!"

"All you have to do is to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" as the publican did, and there is plenty of time for that at the last moment, the same as the dying thief.

"You are in the world to enjoy it!"

"Oh, how many other such arguments the devil brings to bear upon a soul! Sinner, your soul is precious. Do you realize it?"

Jesus does.

He knows your end if you repent not, REJECT HIM AND HE SAVED, DO NOT HASTEN AWAY YOUR SOUL, for the fleeting pleasures of this world.

Turn to Jesus!

Seek Him in earnest, and seek Him now!

## Witnessing for Christ.

By the Late MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

**T**HE FIRST QUALIFICATION, then, of a faithful witness, is A PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE FACTS TO WHICH HE WITNESSES.

If a witness is a court of justice begins to talk of what he has seen, and feels of this case," and there are the sort of witness Jesus Christ wants, who can get up and say, "I KNOW."

The sort of witness that St. Paul was, who could look his judges in the face and say, "I would that their worst altogether such as I am, save those hands." What an impudent man he must have been, if he was not a converted man.

What a supreme ecstacy! Those are the sort of witnesses. How Ascribes must have felt, just then, how the tables were turned. "Oh I am turned into the dock, and here is the prisoner taking his seat upon the bench." This is the sort of witness we want. "I would that their worst altogether such as I am, except those chains." Could you stand up in the dock and say that? Could you stand up in your own language and say it? That is what the world is trying for—people who know, who experience, who realize, who live the things they witness to.

This is what the world is trying for—people who can get up and say, "I KNOW."

The Lord wants people to tell the world they are saved. Can you? They will begin to testify to you then. You will begin to have some effect upon them. They will begin to open their eyes, and wonder whether it will be possible for God to save them. This is altogether different to a flimsy theory about religion—telling them that God has SAVED YOU. Not that we have learned in books. The world is sick of that.

Now it is "Toodles!" and "Toodles!" turn.

"While robe they wear up in glory!"

sing two child voices, and simultaneously two chubby arms, with a belt-upright, linger at the end of each are raised ceiling—

The audience sits in profound silence.

"And leave victors' palms," continue the childlike voices, while two

## JESUS CHRIST'S SALVATION

Proclaimed in a Methodist Church

—BY—

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH.

**W**OODGREEN METHODIST CHURCH (Pastor, Rev. Mr. Barkwell, M. A.) was the scene of a Salvation Army meeting, held by Miss Booth on June 23.

The scarlet uniforms of the Staff Band almost dazzled the eyes of the onlookers in the preliminary march and general meeting. The Band discoursed excellent music, and a splendid crowd of people—mostly working-class, and thoroughly interested in the proceedings—gathered together to the extent of several hundred, when the Band, with the Soldiers, formed up for an open-air meeting opposite the church. Good attention and increased respect can generally be reckoned upon when the Staff Band are present.

Some good singing took hold of the crowd and pointed addresses were given by Adjutant Byers and the Editor.

## In the Church.

The rostrum presents a striking appearance. The tall figure of our woman leader, Miss Booth, whom the newspapers usually describe as "a born commander," occupies the central seat, her unobscured coat disclosing a flaming scarlet undercoat; at her right, in somber ministerial black, sits the Rev. Mr. Barkwell, a gentleman with a benign face, on the Field Commissioner's left, between her and the Chief Secretary, are "Toodles" and "Toodles," two of Miss Booth's little proteges, white-robed miles full of grace and charity. Brigadier Hood and Adjutant Byers, one on either side, complete the scene.

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grace to cleanse the soul. Your conscience has told you so; your Bible has told you so. Do not wait till you reach the great gate of Heaven. Nothing that defileth can enter; for Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord."

A fine point was made of Isaiah's confession: "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips."

"Who does he blame? What is his excuse? Does he stifle at circumstances? Does he fall back on home affairs, or his neighbours, and say 'there's the cause of my backsliding?' Does he catch at the sleeve of some other man and say—

"He was all that could be desired, and now look at him, and that's why I am down the same street as he is?" Oh no, Isaiah brings his hand on no one other than himself, and says, "Me! me! me! I'm nobody else but me! Woe is me! I'm undone!"

The prayer-meeting conducted by the Chief Secretary had not long been started when a man volunteered out. It was a tough fight for a long time. Finally a lady in grey, with pink roses all round her hat, came to the altar-rail. God blessed and sanctified her. When she arose, her knees she seemed to be in rapture of gratitude and praise, and clasped her hands while she cried aloud, "Thank God for a clean heart! Thank God for a clean heart!"

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## "A QUEER PAIR,"

Or, HELP THEM OUT.

By MAJOR LAUGH.

**A** FEW WEEKS ago, while visiting a Salvationist, he gave me a bit of his experience before he was saved, and since.

His brother was ever on a visit from America; he is also saved.

He started by saying: "We were a queer pair before we got saved. One night we went out, and got on the drink, and got far too much; then I made for home, laid on the sofa and went to sleep; but after a time mother came and woke me, saying, 'Tom, you had better go and look for Ted. I'm afraid he's fallen down and gone to sleep by the road-side, or has been waylaid and will be robbed, if not murdered. So putting on my hat, I started."

No sooner had I got outside of our gate than I heard Ted shouting for help at the top of his voice, so I ran, thinking somebody was robbing him; but as I ran down the road, I was passing right by him, when he shouted, 'I'm here, Tom.' And the first words I said were, 'Well, you fool, what are you doing there?' and Ted answered, 'Don't stop there asking how I got here, or what I'm doing here, or abusing me for being here, but help me out, for I'm sinking.'"

"And where do you think," said Tom, I found him? In a deep swamp by the side of the road, in up to his shoulders, and still sinking; so I waded in, got hold of his hand, and pulled him out."

When we got out into the middle of the hard road, we stood and laughed, for we looked a pretty pair. Now comes the question: "How did you get there?"

"What was you after?"

"Well," said Ted, "as I came down the road, I saw what I took to be a light dancing along in front of me, and I set off after it thinking, 'I'll get it'; but it went into the swamp, and I followed, till it got down into the deepest part; then it disappeared and left me there in the mud."

It was no doubt a will-o'-the-wisp that he saw, but if Tom had not gone out to look for him, he would not have heard his cry for help. Then, if he had merely talked to him, or abused him for being such a fool, Ted would soon have gone down out of sight, and out of reach.

Ted was conscious that he was in the swamp and sinking, and what he wanted was a helping hand. And there are not false lights around us, leading poor, deluded souls into terrible depths, and then leaving them to sink?

Are there not thousands who are conscious that they are in the swamp, and sinking, and their cries reach us from every hand?

Who cares enough to leave father, mother, home comforts, and all to save them?

When I got this story, Tom was there who rescued Ted. Ted was there who was rescued, and there was there who sent Tom out to seek Ted; their home was happy. They all sat round the table getting supper.

Who will get round the table, at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, we shall forget the tears, toll, sacrifice, in the presence of the saved, and get the Saviour's "Well done." For ever, therefore, let us pull them out, at any cost, only let them be saved.

Lord bless us! pray.

Yours saving the lost.

Fellow-Soldiers, have you seen Christ? If not, what in the world are you trying as you stand before dying men.

REV. W. J. BARKWELL, M. A.

wee hands belonging to two tots wave around.

"No night there makes them grow weary."

The curly brown head of "Toodles" and the bright, sunshiny-haired head of "Toodles" drop sideways, as if to go off into dreamland in the baby's cot.

"I'm going to that country my Saviour to see."

Up again go the baby fingers.

The song comes. The audience again unobscured, and loudly express their appreciation.

Two solos, one from "Toodles," one from "Toodles," a kiss for the audience, sung from tiny finger-tips, and the children's share in the proceedings is completed.

Bible in hand, Miss Booth rises. First of all, there are a few well-chosen sentences of thanks to Mr. Barkwell and his church for the sympathy, yes, even love they bestowed towards the Army in opening the Church. Then the Field Commissioner commences to read from the Sacred Book.

From her address, which was calm, searching, convincing, we reproduce a few key-note sentences: "Death is often a time of revelation."

"It is possible to step to the brink of Jordan, and not gather new revelations."

quarles Miss Booth, after a word picture on the visit of Humanity's last enemy.

"I shall see the Lord face to face, and that, he saw the Lord in His RIGHT PLACE."

"Some people, although they sit in the pew, and hear the apostles of the clergyman, are yet so influenced by tides of worldliness and evil that they go through life and never see God in His right place till their dying day."

Commenting on the fact that the angels had six wings, Miss Booth said, "We are apt to think we could do so much more if we had what we haven't got. Some have not seen the green that covers the hills, the tint of the violet, the blue of the sky, the color of the children's hair, they have no eyesight—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR EYES?"

Two eyes, two feet, two hands, are almost as good as six wings, and HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT GOD WOULD GIVE YOU IF YOU MADE THE BEST USE OF WHAT YOU HAVE? Then, referring to Mr. Barkwell's testimony as to the value Mrs. Booth's writings had been to him personally, the Commissioner said Mrs. Booth was one who used the gifts God had entrusted her with, and to whom, in consequence, God gave "wings," so that her influence had gone round the world.

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"Some people, although they sit in the pew, and hear the apostles of the clergyman, are yet so influenced by tides of worldliness and evil that they go through life and never see God in His right place till their dying day."

Commenting on the fact that the angels had six wings, Miss Booth said, "We are apt to think we could do so much more if we had what we haven't got. Some have not seen the green that covers the hills, the tint of the violet, the blue of the sky, the color of the children's hair, they have no eyesight—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR EYES?"

Two eyes, two feet, two hands, are almost as good as six wings, and HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT GOD WOULD GIVE YOU IF YOU MADE THE BEST USE OF WHAT YOU HAVE? Then, referring to Mr. Barkwell's testimony as to the value Mrs. Booth's writings had been to him personally, the Commissioner said Mrs. Booth was one who used the gifts God had entrusted her with, and to whom, in consequence, God gave "wings," so that her influence had gone round the world.

## "Through an Awful Hell": Or, An Ex-Officer's Despairing Con- fession.

(From a recent letter to the Com-  
missioner.)

I FEEL that I am the most wretched being on earth today. I feel that I am a true Salvationist, fighting for God and souls.

I was at one time an Officer in your ranks. How happy I was working for Jesus! I loved my work, I loved souls, I loved the Officers I was with.

How it happened I cannot tell. Oh, the sorrow I feel to think I disobeyed God! At that time God's Spirit strove with me, but I did not yield. I felt little by little it became an open backslider.

The awful hell I have passed through is more than I can tell. The grief, the shame, the loneliness, the despair; oh, my God, this is my march!

All hope has seemingly gone from me. All Heaven seems shut up against me. All is dark, oh, so dark!

I am almost in despair.

My heart seems as stone.

What I might have been if I had been true to my vows to God! The souls I might have helped, the joy I might have brought to many a one! But all seems lost!

I love and I feel! My heart is broken, it heart I have.

How I would like to warn all the Officers, Soldiers and converts to be true to God, the Army, their vows. Oh! to be true! to be true!

If God has called you, obey! If you are an Officer, follow Jesus. Don't, oh don't, as I have done, for God will not always strive with you.

I would ask for the prayers of the whole Army that God will lay His hand on me and bring me back to the fold.

Commissioner, I want you to pray for me. I know you are a true child of God. God will answer your prayer.

I will just say here that I am glad you are again to the front. I hope you will be strong in the power of God and see the desire of your heart. You can put this in the War Cry if you wish; it might help some one else to take warning. I am, Yours in trouble and need of help.

G. J. S.

### Just Saved in Time.

ENISON KENWAY, our ex-military man, now District Officer at Grand Bank, Nfld., writing on May 14th, says:

SAD NEWS CAME by telegram this week—A MAN AND HIS BOY LOST.

The man knelt at our penitent-form and got saved a week before he left.

He leaves a wife and five little ones behind. Pray for the bereaved ones.

Three other journeys were away from the same ship all night riding the storm; two deaths and seven picked up by passing vessels and carried into port; one of the men was enrolled as a Soldier before leaving. How blessed it is to live in the state of readiness.

Reader, are you saved?

If not, get saved now. Delays are dangerous. Flew from the wrath to come!

### To Our Wandering Sheep.

#### A FIELD OFFICER'S MESSAGE.

HERE are a certain class of people that we meet with every day; we find them on the street, on the ferry, in the factory, in their homes, and in the Barracks; they are called Backsliders.

I have noticed that these people are not of the same age. Some of them are young, just starting into life. The ruddy flush of youth is upon their cheek; their step is firm; their prospects are pleasing; but, sad to say, the word "BACKSLIDER" is written upon their hearts.

Again, I have observed that many who have passed their youthful days, those whose hair was once dark, but now is turning white, whose form was once straight, but now is becoming bent, whose step was once firm, but now is faltering, whose eye was once bright, but now is becoming dim. Oh, sad! but yet true, these have the bitter experience of a backslider.

How often we see these poor wanderers before us! We often look at them from the platform. Some of them were once happy, uniformed Soldiers; they stepped to the beat of the drum, they marched "neath the wave of our Army flag; they spoke of the Friend of sinners on the street corner; they attended knee-draw; they helped their Officers, and God made of them a blessing.

Oh, dear backslider Comrade, let me use you to come home again. Your Father is waiting for you. Jesus says, "Come," Angels say, "Come," The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come." All is ready. Come home. Yours in His love,

L. PENNY, Capt.,

St. John V., N. B.

## JESSIE: Or, The Evolution of a Salvation Army Heroine.

[OUR COMPLETE STORY]

by CAPTAIN S. E. OTTAWAY.

I SAW HER FIRST at the door of the Quarters, as I opened it in response to a gentle knock.

We were the new Officers, and Jessie was one of our new Soldiers. She how to take to give us a welcome to the town of W.

Clad in neatly-fitting black garments, with a plain sailor hat, I thought I had enough throughout for a Salvationist, but where is her badge, and why didn't she wear a bonnet? But I'll wait and see!

She seated herself by the partly un- packed trunk, and looked at us with a smile, but a picture here and there a nail there.

Before she left I had arrived at two or three conclusions. "We," she was very particular about some things; she had a very tender conscience, and I strongly suspected a very tender heart. She knew how to work in a very needful thing for a Salvationist to know. She was looking on in her soul and she was a Candidate.

### CHAPTER II.

ONE DAY, perhaps a week later, I was passing down one of the prettiest avenues of N—, I came to the Central Methodist Church, then a large brick dwelling, with a nicely-kept lawn, and a low iron fence shutting it off the street.

"This is Jessie's home," said my companion.

"Indeed," I replied, "we must call on her, to do her friends come to the meetings?"

"No! she is the only Salvationist in the family."

I came to another conclusion: "Then this, probably, was the reason she wore no badge or bonnet; perhaps it was not all smooth sailing at home."

"Her father," "Mr. Johns," we will call him, had at one time been Mayor of the thriving town of N—; but about three years previous he had resigned from that office. He now owned a large carriage business, and was very highly esteemed by the townspeople as a good, straightforward man. A strict Presbyterian himself, he treated his family to be the same. "However," said his daughter, "she was a Salvationist!"

### CHAPTER III.

It happened something like this: Jessie, like a number of others, went, out of curiosity, to see and hear these most peculiar people.

She was attracted, and more than that, convicted.

Now, I'm not prepared to say if it all happened in that meeting, but in one of those meetings, she saw her own position clearly, she knew if she obeyed the Spirit's promptings, she would go to the penitent-form; she also felt God's call to her to go and work for Him. But oh, what that all involved, she well understood.

It was too much.

The cross was too heavy.

She could not; no, she would not, and so she drew back, and the Holy Spirit was grieved and grieved.

She continued to come to the meetings, seldom her place was empty; the second time, in the centre aisle, they laughingly called "Miss John's pew," and to tell the truth—for this is a true story—she was not always a blessing, for though kind-hearted, she was naturally a critic, and her keen appreciation of the comical sometimes caused the fearful "new beginner" to feel that he or she was the cause of the laugh which was only too plainly visible upon her face. Nevertheless, the Officers had much reason to feel grateful to her, for many a time the feel so much needed found his way to the quarters just in time, and many a donation dropped on the plate or pressed into the hand of the Officer when there was such urgent demand for it.

Her sympathy was practical, and when the Officers found an hour to spare, it was Jessie drove up with her horse and buggy to take them for a drive.

But how the Captain and Lieutenant, as they succeeded each other, looked on and prayed for our Salvationist!

"Will she ever get right?" they sometimes asked themselves, and then fully-fledged again, and pointed out to her the sin in withholding herself from God. Did she heed?

Did she feel convicted?

If she did, she never manifested it.

"Poor Jessie, dear Jessie," they would say, for they couldn't help loving her.

### CHAPTER IV.

SEVEN YEARS ROLLED BY.

To all outside appearances Jessie was the same.

All I only God and herself knew the perfect storm of rebellion carried on in that heart, so effectively covered by a smiling face.

Then came a Sunday afternoon meeting.

nothing out of the ordinary, yet a meeting destined to be a very extraordinary one in the life of one girl present.

Jessie was in her "pew."

Mother M—, a real woman of God, kept twirl her and the aide.

"Ah! Jessie, now the crisis has come; now or never; what will you do? you must decide now."

Oh, the struggle, the fierce combat with the enemy of her soul!

"Oh, God!" she groaned in spirit, "Oh, God, help me now!" and she jumped to her feet. "Let me pass this moment," she exclaimed fiercely.

Startled, Mother ——— sprung to one side. She darted past her, and fell at the penitent-form.

"Glory!" shouted the Captain.

"Hallelujah!" Amen!" cried the Soldiers.

And Jessie prayed, and the language of her consecration was this:

"Jesus, Thy steps I'll tread, to rescue men from woe.

"Though every step with blood be red, fearless for Thee I'll go.

And the blessed Jesus met her and accepted the consecration, and

The conflict was over, the tempest was past.

She rested in Jesus, she rested at last: The millions that filled her poor soul with the peace and calm.

### CHAPTER V.

"WELL," I do declare, Miss Johns was joined the Army!" exclaimed Dame Gos- ship next morning, and "Miss John was at the Army penitent-form yesterday."

She soon followed by "Miss Johns walked with the Army folks last night; there were all four, and she helped carry the drum."

"Oh! it was a strange step indeed!" so thought and remarked acquaintances

But to the credit of the worthy Doctor T—, of her father's church, let it be said, he counselled her that if led into the Army God would be with her in its warfare. This she did and her days of Soldiership were bright and victorious.

If she had cheered the Officers before her allies, she brought comfort and blessing now.

She soon changed her "pew" for one on the platform, and it became an established fact that Miss Johns was a Salvationist. More than that, it was rumored she was going to be an Officer.

Now, some of my readers may have the idea that like so many heroines, "she was happy ever after"; but my heroine is a "dash and blood one"; she lives to-day, and well, I hope, for many days to come.

Jessie had fought with the devil after she became a Soldier. One of her crosses was to testify in public.

She always felt too insufficient; but the Lord taught her a beautiful lesson one day she will never forget.

She was very busy one morning in her home; the hands of the clock pointed to nearly the hour of noon, when a rap at the door caused her to turn; there was a very excited woman in the open doorway.

"Oh this Miss John's," she enquired.

"Yes," Jessie replied.

"Well, Mrs. F— is very sick, and she wants to see you."

"Oh," cried Jessie, "what can I do? I'm not acquainted with her."

"Well, you must come at once! Don't stop to take off your apron, she wants you to pray for her." And she was gone.

Jessie lost no time in following her, although she couldn't help thinking there must be a mistake, and wondering what she could say to a dying woman. Extravagantly she lifted her heart to God for wisdom and guidance.

Arrived at the house, she was ushered into the room of the sick lady.

"Oh! I'm so glad you came!" and the poor shaken eyes brightened as she smiled her welcome.

"Do you know I have watched you pass and repass on your way to and from your meetings, and I know you were good."

Then they talked of God's goodness, and from the sick woman came the story of the past, her backsliding from God, and the path of duty for a path she had marked out for herself, and of the unhappiness it had brought her.

"But," she finished up with, "I've come back to Him. He has forgiven me, and now I'm happy. I can't say if I shall ever get better, but I'm satisfied to abide by what he thinks best." And Jessie had liberally prayed, pouring out her whole soul. And they parted.

### CHAPTER VI.

AS THE Captain was about to close the

meeting that night, a detaching hand was laid upon her arm, and Jessie spoke—

"Please let me have a word with you."

"Comrades, I've been slow and fearful in seeking for God, but I feel my responsibility tonight; I never did before; and by God's help I mean to let my light shine for Him. You don't know who is watching you, even as you walk along the street. Be careful and good, and God will use us to bless and help others to Himself."

I will not dwell upon Jessie's farewell from home for the field, or the sorrow of her friends at parting with her. Sadly they bid her good-bye.

"She will be missed," was the general feeling.

I met her in Toronto just as she was entering into training for an Officer.

"Well," you arrived, praise God. Tell me, was it hard for you to leave?"

It was not like her to complain of hardships. She merely replied, regretfully: "I never said good-bye to father."

"Why didn't you, then?" I asked.

"I simply could not," she replied.

I knew of the deep love that raised her, and she changed the subject for a more cheerful one, wondering if the father would understand and forgive her.

But my mind was soon settled on that point.

As I was taking up the collection in the open-air a few evenings later in N—, I met Mr. Johns, and as he drew his

contribution on the tambourine, I saw his eyes had the same kindly look as Jessie's, and I felt it was alright.

Jessie has only been in the Field three years, yet she holds to-day one of the most responsible positions in the Social work, as Captain in charge of the Women's Shelter in one of our large cities; her life and work are one of the most sacrificing and noble of any done throughout the Territory.

As I looked into her face, I could see so trace of the old rebellious, passionate spirit of yore. She was holding a little colored child by her side, and I smiled as she talked of his excellencies, and his faults, and his "particular Jes- sie" of just two years previous, so different now.

She sometimes takes the baskets around for the regularly contributed gifts of vegetables, groceries, bread and butter, you feel convinced that all pride of spirit is gone.

"Sometimes," she says, "I meet friends from home; they look at me as though my life was a terribly hard one, as though I were a martyr, and she laughed merrily. "But I never, never want to live again as I did those seven long years, just for self. I'm happy now." And you could doubt it.

The Melbourne "Cry" reports a total of fifty souls as the harvest of the "Crisis Brigade" who on May 1st.

The Commandant has decided to establish two Territorial Brass Bands, one of men and the other women.

In connection with the opening of the Maternity Home in South Africa, Commissioner and Mrs. Rhodes did a couple of days' service.

A saved priest and his wife, in British Guiana, have given themselves up to work for the Salvation of their countrymen in the Army.

Mrs. Major Sullivan, of Kansas, U. S. A., recently attended herself in mus and sat down with 400 poor women to a free dinner given by the Army.

License to marry our own people in the Madras Presidency have been granted to Colonel Mues, Ethel, and Major Hira Singh, a privilege no Officer has previously enjoyed.

At a recent commissioning of one hundred soldiers in London, England, there were thirty-seven candidates for General's, Sanitation and Salvation at the penitent-form.

In addition to the Trade Headquarters at Clerkenwell Road and Farringdon Road, London, England, a new store is being opened up in the heart of the great city, on Newgate Street, near the General Post Office and Electric Railway Station.

"THIRTY-ONE" converts made in the General's Liverpool meetings were enrolled the following week as recruits, each having a piece of Army life attached to their coat of dress—The Police Inspector at Jomphok, Denmark, offered fifty kroner for the conversion of a noted character. The Army got him saved in the General's meetings.

## HEADQUARTERS LATEST AD

Staff-Captain and Mrs.

AS. HARGREAVE, story first, with her son, "You have been with the years?" we

an introductory question.

Mrs. Hargrave laughed.

"Well," she said, "My mother the first half-don't to study General on Miss Edna Wain."

though illiterate convert testimony when she saw which was quoted in the text.

"I thought it came out all up words went straight to heart, and standing there Christ. Next day she joined As I have said,

I was Born in the

—before it was the Army— knew anything else. The girl I was seldom given my generally "Bunter." I got was going to school, and I some circumstances that You see, when the girls tend to get tired."

"Battered" my dear, the here," gently interposed.

"And when I got tired," Hargrave, conversationally, get converted. I felt such assist, and sought for and

A Real Salvationist at Nine

A discussion at this point Mrs. Hargrave, as an inter- needs no coaxing to speak was so much of interest to told us so much that we her narrative a little. There here but to mention the father's refusal to come a and subsequent backsliding the General visited their every other day in order to the restoration and conse- then the moment when I and little short-frosted son became "Evangelists" in Mission.

Lizzie Hargrave had many days; sometimes she was girl preacher," but more known as

"The Sweet Singer of

"Yes, I did my part in father and mother had," quite a tiny tot I used to off the platform when she the people—they didn't all these days. While she pleases I got hold of the shimmer- sized away, crying in my "I do believe, I do believe."

very first I became my p. Often we three have stood street corner singing, and blushed by turns. Sometimes as four solos in one open-up

"And your voice rang out a lifetime of song!" for the board at the end announced her as the S. all, and we knew that her she hundreds help and blushed by turns. Sometimes as four solos in one open-up

"Many have wondered, answer, "but it seems as if allowed my voice to have resting times of my troupe which of late years have I from breaking."

"I was one of the first made," went on Mrs. Hargrave

As an Officer at Twelve Y

I used to make one of the G party when we went on S singing at his meetings."

"In which capacity in the few weeks you visited on the North of England?" put Captain, who seemed to kn remarkably well, albeit he the Army until considerably.

"You did not wear the H made. The Staff-Captain, evi- an hour's description in I leave of absence for five n

"No," replied Mrs. Hargrave from it: "I wore a little nurse's, with a long grey hair hanging in ringlets u

net in some days, and I caved much for the coal. It came into force.

The General took great me to dress in the pilot at before. He handed me one pocket prison to take of on my frock, and once ne me off into a milliner's to p absolutely forbidding me to







# THE WAR CRY.

## FIELD COMMISSIONER

### MISS BOOTH

#### THE FAMOUS STAFF BRASS BAND

BRANTFORD (Wycliffe Hall), July 1  
INGERSOLL, July 2  
LONDON, July 3, 4, 5  
STRATFORD, July 6  
GALT, July 7

## WAR CRY

### YES, THANK GOD!

THE FOLLOWING comes from Captain Wakefield, of Guelph, respecting the Field Commissioner's visit:

On Saturday and Sunday, the total attendance 2,375, 1,775 above the average. This is great for Guelph. Thank God for the victory! It is the talk of the city.

### A FRIEND GONE.

A GENEROUS REMEMBRANCE in the will of the late Miss McKinnon has bequeathed to our work here the sum of five hundred dollars. Miss McKinnon was the beloved daughter of Mrs. Keefe, of Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, whose warm appreciation towards Army endeavours is so well-known. We are sure that the sympathy of our Comrades will be with the sorrowing mother, praying that the strong Arm of Divine strength may uphold and sustain her in this bereavement.

### OUR HEADQUARTERS FAMILY.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARGRAVE, two Officers with a good record, have been added to the Headquarters Staff recently. Their last appointment was at Kingston, where the Staff-Captain ably filled the Chancellor's position, and Mrs. Hargrave did excellent work in launching and leading League of Mercy operations at Kingston.

THE STAFF-CAPTAIN'S work at Headquarters is to a great extent created by the magnificent strides made in the Juniors' War since the Field Commissioner's advent. It is to be expected that the Commissioner in respect to Junior work, and will be attached to the General Secretary's Department. Mrs. Hargrave will find plenty of opportunities for work well suited to her gifts, too. Between them they represent twenty-eight years of experience, eighteen of which has been put down to Mrs. Hargrave's account. The places left vacant in East Ontario are being filled on the one hand by Staff-Captain Rawling—who did excellent work during his term in the grade in co-operation with Staff-Captain Horn—and by Mrs. Rawling, who will doubtless carry on with enthusiasm the important League of Mercy work now in operation there.

### BACK TO JESUS.

OUR FRONTSPICE, which is re-produced from a former front-page of the British War Cry, explains itself. It is an appeal and an encouragement to our lost Comrades, the Backsliders. We grieve deeply over their loss from our ranks. We want them home again. We desire them to know that our love still holds out for them, and we stretch out our hands in welcome attitude for their return. This summer's Campaign is going to be owned of God in the restoration of many Backsliders. We dare to believe, Oh, that ALL may repent and be saved. Backslider, God is willing, yes, yearning, the Army invites, now come back.

### THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

THE WAR CRY and YOUNG SOLDIER welcome heartily our two new helpers, Adjutant Page and Ensign Kenning. "A. L. P." is an old literature and is already famous from her connection with "All the World" and the British War Cry. "A. L. P." is a true-hearted Salvationist, a gifted writer, and a good worker. Ensign Kenning is new to this work, but is full of God's glory and the power of His Word. Our old Comrade, Ensign Blum, takes up the important position just vacated by Staff-Captain Rawling. The Ensign has the valuable habit of being on time in the morning; he is, too, a diligent worker at the desk; by his industry

## East Splendidly Loyal.

PROVINCIAL OFFICER PUGMIRE AND OFFICERS SEND AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE TO THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

MISS BOOTH,

Field Commissioner:

Beloved Commissioner,—Staff, Field Officers Eastern Province in Council send greetings. Depend upon us standing by Flag, unceasingly pushing the war, saving souls, making soldiers, booming Junior War. We praise God for your restoration. Rely on us continually.

ST. JOHN, N.B.,

June 2nd.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.

## REPLY.

MAJOR PUGMIRE,

218 Pitt Street,

St. John N.B.

Telegram received. Struck new chords of love and confidence for my Eastern Officers. Your assurances have bound about my heart with fresh strength; particularly pleased with zeal for Juniors. The children our hope for the lifting of the Flag in every corner of the Territory. Hold fast! Push! Rise! I am with you in momentary desperate effort for the people's salvation. Forward!!

FIELD COMMISSIONER.

and true-hearted Salvationism he has won the respect of those about him. Our best wishes go with him. May he continue to prosper!

### WANDERER, COME HOME.

"ALL IS DARK, oh, so dark! What I might have been!" The above two quotations from a backslider's letter published in this issue, tell the story, fresh from the lips of experience, of the backslider's deplorable condition. An outlook which is "oh, so dark," and an inward aching reproach expressing itself in the mournful refrain, "What I might have been," are conditions of mind which create a hell within the breast, and which, if they be not removed, must increase more and more in the capacity to torment. Unfortunately the country abounds with backsliders; it is our duty and privilege to surround them with such an attitude of loving sympathy as shall properly give expression to the great yearning of our Heavenly Father for the wanderers and prodigals, for whom He now longs, as He did when Christ first told the story of the prodigal son, with a tenderness past expression. Let the backslider come home to his Father, and to the Army; as Christ's ambassadors, we beseech him to come, and as his still loving Comrades we will welcome him.

### THE AMERICAN COMMANDER'S LEGAL BATTLE.

THE STORMS have heavily beat around our Comrades of the New York Headquarters these last weeks. Prejudice and calumny has fastened an indictment upon Commander Booth-Tucker which many regard as little short of slander, and which has resulted in a conviction so grave in character and consequences as to cause hundreds of righteous American citizens to raise the cry of "Unjust!" The immediate reason given for the charge was the music of an All Night of Prayer held in the Headquarters Auditorium, but it is not hard to discover beneath the complaint of the moment the evil intent of those enemies of our holy warfare who would be only too glad to seize this as an opportunity for bringing about a permanent cessation of Salvation hostilities in the beautiful suburb of West Fourteenth Street. The jury's verdict of guilty, and the consequent sentence of a fine and one year's imprisonment has excited an outburst of indignation both within and without our ranks. An appeal has now been made to the Supreme Court, and it seems hardly probable that the extreme and untenable ground of the prosecution can be maintained under the stronger glare of legal daylight. All that energetic effort and fervent prayer can do to uphold the victim principles at stake are being given, and the latter passive though powerful weapon our Comrades on this side the border may wield in this conflict. Once again the Salvation Army is fighting the question of religious liberty, the loss or gain of which must seriously affect all other Christian organizations. This tall, brave figure of the Commander stands at

the head of the charge for right. Surely the impartial conscience of the Stars and Stripes will not fail to kindle at his call! Our sympathy is warmly extended to both the Commander and Consul in this anxious and trying hour. Amongst the shoals of kindly and sympathetically correspondence which has poured in from all quarters, we extract the following, sent to the Commander, from the W. C. T. U.: "We trust the day will come when the strong arm of the law will be against the real evil, and for those who are giving cause. War, life and all things to overthrow evil and bring in righteousness. We have no fear but that the God whom the Salvation Army so faithfully serves will overcome this outburst of the wrath of men to the good both of the organization itself and the work to which it is dedicated. But we regret that in the latter years of the nineteenth century there should have been such an exhibition of intolerance at the instigation of a few people who can by no means be said to represent the people of New York City."

### ANOTHER SERIAL.

DEAD BROKE," the serial story commenced in this issue, will be a rich treat for those who know old London, and for ordinary readers it will furnish quite a study on the condition of the London's poor and the urgent need of the General's plan to help the submerged up out of the sea of temporal distress.

### IMPORTANT SOCIAL MEETINGS.

Mrs. Read on Tour.

(Special Despatch).

OPENED JUBILEE INDUSTRIAL HOME, MONTREAL. Just concluded splendid Campaign Sunday, No. 1. Good day at Gros. League of Mercy commended. Soldiers' Banquet, Point St. Charles, splendid crowd and interest. Social meeting Inspector Street, Rev. John Curry in the chair. Large, appreciative audience. Jubilee Home formally opened. Mr. Reddy presided. Resolution recommending work to Quebec Government for practical recognition, also to Prison officials, asking that Rescue Officers have free access to female prisoners at Montreal. Beautiful time at French Corps, also Soldiers' and Officers' Councils, etc. Social French Field Officers assisting. Unity pervades.—Mrs. Brinkley Read.

### BRAVE TOM WILSON KILLED.

(Special).

Hamilton, May 25.—TOM WILSON, a brave fire fighter, and Sub-Chief of our Department here, was killed last night at a fire. He was indeed a noble fellow and a great lover of the Army. At 7.15 he was called from the Fire Station whistling, and at 8.20 the alarm sounded for the fire at which poor Tom met his death.

LANDERS.

## THE GREAT EVENT

Of June 28th is drawing near. THE PAVILION will be the scene of the marriage of

ADJUTANT PEASE

AND  
ADJUTANT STANYON

CONDUCTED BY  
The Field Commissioner.

THE  
Field Commissioner

With Staff Band

AT HAMILTON.

(Special).

IMMENSE AUDIENCES ADDRESSED. EXTRAORDINARY FINANCIAL SALVATION IN STREAMS. THE AMBITIOUS CITY MOVED FROM END TO END. SWEEPING MARCHES HEADED BY THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND. THOUSANDS LANED THE STREETS.

HOLINESS MEETING, SEVERAL DEFINITE CONSECRATIONS. THE FIELD COMMISSIONER ADDRESSED TWO MAGNIFICENT AUDIENCES IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, DIVINE LY UPHOLD AND INSPIRED, SHE WIELDED THE SWORD WITH STARTLING EFFECT. CONGREGATIONS LISTENED BREATHELESSLY. SINNERS SWIFT INTO THE KINGDOM.

PEARL AND WILLIE CAPTIVATED THE CROWDS. OFFICERS AND HAND FOUGHT SLENDIDLY. EIGHTY DOLLARS COLLECTION. REPORT TO FOLLOW.

A. GASKIN, Major.

### ST. CATHARINES SHAKEN.

(Special).

Tremendous time at Brigadier Read's weekend visit. Nearly a thousand people round open-air Sunday afternoon in Park. A place of paradise. Good natured conversations. Best collections for months. Night at the Cross, including five young children Sunday night. They cried bitterly and gave sound, solid testimonies. Adjutant Stanton, Hay and Brother Shaw, of Toronto, nobly assisting. Baskin Atwell far exceeded. City in a boil of excitement over the Commissioner's coming visit. The eventual wedding a memorable time. Ensign Atwell and Captain Prink made one by the Brigadier. Corps in good shape.—Captain Howe.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave at the Temple.

"I never had a better Sunday in the city," is the verdict of the Staff-Captain. Yesterday was indeed a day of great occasion at the Temple Corps. Good congregations and collections—the night's theme being the largest for weeks. Meetings were fertilized by abundance of spiritual freedom and activity, the masked Hibernian family assisting afternoon and evening. One Hargrave's heart-sore, winged blessing into many souls. Hand-to-hand tussle in prayer-meeting. Soldiers reported as having "come to their guns." Wound up at 10.45 p.m. with five souls at the Mercy Seat.

## COMING SOON!

## "SERVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS."

A Touching Sketch of Life Amongst Toronto's Poor, by A. L. P.



## Brilliant Victories And Prospects IN THE NORTH-WEST.

### Brigadier Bennett's Latest Despatch.

I HAVE just been away from the Provincial Headquarters seventeen days, and in that time I have visited the following Corps: Valley City, Mandan, Bismarck, Jamestown, Oakes, Fargo, Lisbon and Wahpeton. I have been delighted with the spirit of the troops in these different Corps, and the Officers, without exception, are well able to the work they have in hand.

Large crowds have flocked to the open-air and to the indoor meetings.

One very noticeable feature about all the meetings was that the Soldiers have gone in for a lot of prayer. I have people that can pray.

We have had a lot of conviction, and souls have been saved. At JAMES TOWN, two Soldiers and one Junior came out for Salvation.

OAKES is a new opening, and the Officers have taken a firm stand for God. Here we saw three souls cry to God for mercy.

At FARGO we had the pleasure of seeing four cry to God for deliverance from sin.

At LISBON, another new opening, two came to God for the blessing, and four cried for pardon. All round the work is rolling on; the Officers are in good spirits, we are looking forward to a good summer's fighting, and expect to capture many of the enemy. I enrolled twelve soldiers on the Sunday. During the five months that this Corps has been opened some 100 persons have professed salvation.

To visit the Corps above mentioned, I had to travel some 1,200 miles, and spend 30 hours on the cars; 26 meetings were held, and some 11 persons were interviewed.

ADJUTANT MACNAMARA reports a number of souls at Brandon, and English Green and Thomas report a great movement in the soul-saving line, since they took charge of their present commands a few days ago.

ADJUTANT GOODWIN has had victory also, and stirred things at Grand Forks. Everything at Grand Forks is on the upgrade.

All round the Province there are signs of great soul-saving victories; in fact, I never saw the prospect look brighter than at the present time for a great onward march in the right direction.

There are signs of more extensions in the line of new openings. We are determined that the sinners shall have Salvation carried to their very doors, and that they shall be compelled to think of that which is more beautiful than the mighty dollar.

There is another change of Officers shortly in this part of the Field. More particulars to follow. Captain Hubbick, the Junior Soldier man, is taking a field appointment; his successor, and the Captain's appointment will come to light shortly.

H. B.

## Mersey League Echoes FROM KINGSTON.

### Prison, Hospital, and Infants' Home Work - Saved Through Miss Booth's Meeting in the Penitentiary.

A YOUNG MAN called at the Provincial Headquarters, Kingston, a few days ago, and expressed his gratitude for the blessing and help he had received through a meeting held in the Penitentiary, by the League of Mercy. A few weeks ago, he had only been set at liberty that day, and could not leave the city before coming and telling us how he personally had been cheered and encouraged.

Some little time before this incident transpired, Adjutant Stanton met a



THE EYES of all civilization are turned at the moment towards a nation's celebration of its Sovereign's long-extended reign. Not only where the British flag flies, but in a great many places where it does not, extensive preparations are now in progress for the keeping of Queen Victoria's Diamond Anniversary. In the rising chorus of thanksgiving, the voices of the Salvation Army are plainly distinguishable glorifying the giver of all good gifts for the peace and prosperity of the long past years. Although the Blood and Fire Colors have by no means exclusively waved by the side of the Union Jack, many of our victories have been won upon British soil, and whether the actual sway of her reign affects us or not, we mutually commemorate, in our own way, an occasion so amiable, so fitting, as we seize all opportunities, whether public or private, for the pushing forward of the claims of Jesus Christ. The Salvation Army is too poor and too prudent to let its celebration take the form of any outward display merely, for it can only be the expression of that same spirit which characterizes all our endeavors—the spirit of the Cross, and the demands of the War, all demonstration being put to the test of the question: "Will it help save?"

The Field Commissioner, therefore, has divided upon a line of advance, which, while it will mark the event of the year in this Territory, will leave tracks of blessing and help in the hearts of the faithful and serving, and gleams of sun-accident and cheer in the lives of the most needy—the best of remembrance of any occasion. Some of these schemes are already well in hand, and others will be by the time the next two weeks have rolled by.

**The Opening of Seven New Corps** marks an advance which will carry the light and blessing of a wing of the one Salvation Army into neighborhoods as yet unprovided for by such soul-saving acquisition. Wherever these Jubilee Corps are located, they will carry with them, we feel certain, the impetus of the prayers of their Territorial Comrades that they may be daring, devoted centres of spiritual activity.

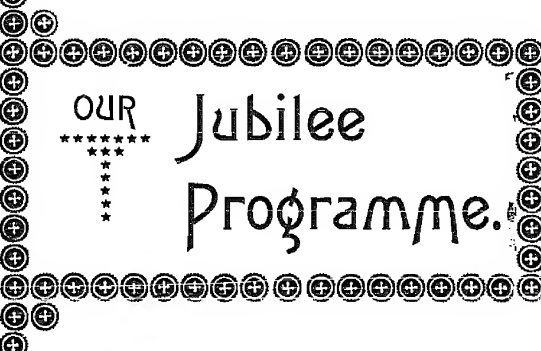
**Thirty-Five Junior Soldier Corps** are to be established. Knowing the love which exists in the Commissioner's heart towards the little ones of her Territorial flock, we are not surprised to find that the Juniors have a Jubilee celebration of

young men on the streets, who told him that the influence of the meeting led in the Penitentiary by the Field Commissioner had made him resolve to lead a new life. He came to Toronto and has since got converted.

Another young man was released and taken into the hospital to die. He was in the last stages of consumption, and unmoved. He was constantly visited, and every effort made to get him to accept Christ as his Saviour. It was a hard struggle, but eventually he trusted in the merits of the Blood, and found pardon. A day or two afterwards he died.

Mrs. Hargrave, with one or two other members of the League, were at the General Hospital on a Sunday afternoon in May. Their visit was a blessed one, and four souls stepped out of darkness into light.

The Jail was visited every Sunday morning, when there are prisoners there, and a meeting held.



their own. Perhaps these thirty-five new bands of little Soldiers are as significant as any feature of the programme, with their promise of future strength and usefulness to the war all over.

**Thirty-Five New Bands of Love** are a fitting next line. While the spiritual needs of the children are additionally provided for, an equal advance is thus to be made in that system of physical and mental training which has already attracted such attention and commendation.

**The Inauguration of the Junior Cadets' Brigade.** which is a system for securing and training the youth of our Corps for future Officership, comes to us with a record of success from other fields.

**Three Hundred Candidates** sets up as a target for warriors whose determination can regard it but as a goal to be reached or passed, promises an increase in the saviours of the lost, and to our mind's eye pictures the occupation of more ground and the bringing in of more captives. God bless our going-to-be Jubilee Officers.

**Five Hundred Additional Local Officers** looks a large figure in the total, but represents an average per Corps which no more than meets the need for these consecrated leaders of our rank and file, who both have and make use of such who seem for the exercise of holy zeal in the helping forward of a dying world's Salvation.

**The Opening of One New Shelter.** This is an addition to our Social Wing, which the success of those rightly named poor Men's Hotels already in existence, readily warrants and inspires faith for.

**The Jubilee Industrial Home for Women** is opened in June in Montreal, where a splendid house, devoted Officers, and an overwhelming need give signs of active and increasing usefulness.

**The Starting of Five Steam Posts** each in the crowded and poverty-stricken quarter of a great city, brings the mingled reproof and benediction of the Sun-Angel's influence, where sin and misery are most extreme in character, and grave in extent.

**The Inauguration of Seven Labor Bureaus** will light at once a torch of hope to the

unemployed of many centres, bidding on in prosperous connection the employer to the employee.

**The Evangelical Flock** mark an important extension to the Industrial Colony near Toronto, by the introduction of sheep-farming. The first flock bearing the Commissioner's name will "occupy the field."

**The Jubilee Bicycle Brigade** is one of the most important of the new endeavors. This is formed for the assistance of Corps within a hundred miles of Territorial Headquarters. The Brigade will wear a special uniform, will include the Staff Band, and will be led in person by the Field Commissioner.

**A Home of Rest** for the recuperation of tired Officers, is to be established near Toronto, which, with its many opportunities of quiet and fresh air, will, through the invigoration of many warriors, benefit the entire field.

**The Jubilee Sewing Battalion.** while in its out-working will concern the sisters especially, will in its results interest hundreds of ill-clad little boys and girls. The scheme includes a weekly sewing-class at headquarters, where Comrades of the Battalion will stitch warm covering for destitute children.

**The Evangelical Flower League** which springs from an idea thought of by the Commissioner during her late sickness, is a plan whereby the hospitals may be supplied with flowers; messages during the summer months, to be distributed by the League of Mercy. One of the chief features is the consecration of either conservatory, garden, or window-sill, to the planting and rearing of sweet-scented buds of consolation for the suffering and sad.

**An Open-Air Jubilee Demonstration on Sunday Afternoon, June 30th,** will take place all over the Territory, when the opportunity will be seized for a special engagement upon the surroundings of spiritual indifference.

The Commissioner expects every Comrade of the Cross and Flag to do their share in the pushing of such of these advances as may come within their reach, so that they may be long remembered by continued and increasing spheres of blessed usefulness in our warfare for God and souls.

The "League of Mercy" commenced operations the latter end of January, this year. Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave took charge of it, and has been succeeded by Mrs. Staff-Captain Hawling. The officials of the various institutions are exceeding kind and courteous, and anxious to render all the assistance they possibly can.

The results have been very gratifying, but the future will be better still. To God be all the glory!

R. H.

**WHEN GOD GAVE US CHRIST HE GAVE US ALL GIFTS IN ONE.**

MANY do with opportunities as the little children do at the seaside—they fill their hands with sand and let the grains fall through one by one till they are all gone. If our opportunities are so evanescent in the dear old Army, what are our responsibilities? Will not God hold us responsible for what His grace is able to make us?

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## DAD SLOSS, Convict.

### A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

SYNOPSIS OF PRISON CHATTERS.—Archie Sloss, born in Glasgow of drunks and thieves' parents. At seven adopted life as a gang of thieves. At fifteen a professional house-breaker. His motto: "Risk nothing, gain nothing." Prison experience: leg out sixteen years. At eight years and a half out on ticket of leave, caught again. Seven years. Escape from prison.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Escape from the Convict Prison.

"ARCHIE, me boy," said he to him- self, "ye were born under a lucky star." He had a way of talking to himself, and when doing so always addressed himself as "Archie." He rarely had any one else to talk to and in course of time conversation to self became a habit, and to himself he discoursed on his escape as follows:—

"Yes," I says, "Archie, me boy, ye'r a free man, all becos ye been in scroons on the right way, and becos your brain has got something in it. And this private suit o' clothes makes ye look a regular fella. That warden will get the sack, for sure, when they finds that No. 27 is gone."

"And I shook hands with myself, and laughed until I had a pain in my side."

"It was a fine piece of business, sir, my escape was, skillfully arranged and carefully planned. No statesman could have conceived in his mind a finer piece of strategem. No soldier on a field of battle could have acted cooler. It was the extraordinary daring of the venture that was its safety, and it came off all right. I got clean away, and was gone several hours before I was missed from the convict depot."

"It was like this, sir: my altered manner, and exemplary conduct brought me into favor, and one day there was a vacancy in the larderhouse for a man, and I was recommended as being suitable."

#### This was a Promotion.

The warden in charge of the larderhouse and kitchen was a decent fellow, and sometimes allowed me little privileges, which I was careful never to abuse.

"All these little items were steps in the right direction, and I says to myself: 'Archie, me boy, the game is yours; the hand lies before you. Labor and wait!'"

"I carefully noted the hours the warden went on and off duty, and always knew to a minute where each warden was, like the other wardens, the one in charge of the larderhouse was allowed a few hours off duty each week in excess of the usual. At such times they would dress in civilian clothes, and pass outside, on pleasure or recreation bent."

"In a few weeks I had earned such a good character that I was again promoted and allowed more liberty."

"They weren't half so strict in those days as they are now. The convicts smoked and chatted freely to each other when at work undonning breeches and doing other jobs; but me—I wouldn't speak or put on any of them."

#### I Knew Myself to Myself,

and wouldn't trust one of them out of my sight.

"Each convict was allowed an ounce of tobacco per week, but I always refused mine, and this helped to strengthen the warden's belief that I was really a changed man—a truly reformed character."

"At last my duty fell into my hands that brought about my escape. It was just what I had been scheming for all the time. I was told off to scrub and clean up the warden's bedrooms and official quarters, and the first morning I started on the job I found in a bedroom all that I wanted to effect my escape."

"It was a warden's private suit of clothes, and this was my idea from the first—to pass myself out of the prison as a warden off duty, dressed in civilian's clothes."

"A warden, named Henderson, was almost exactly like me in build and features, and this man I determined to pass myself at the first opportunity. But Warden Henderson had a handsome sandy-colored moustache, and my face was as smooth as a little child's."

"Archie, me boy," I says, "ye are a several different kinds of idiot if you can't create a moustache out of something. Here are the civilian's clothes ready to jump into—overcoat, ivory-headed cane, a silver ring, a full clear-cane and all the necessaries of a swell of the first winter."

"An open door to the world outside, only a moustache wanted to crown the scheme with success. Oh, a way was found in making a fine, handsome moustache. Well, it took me four days to make it—what of that? I got a pile of old rope, culum—and tanned it out, nimbled

it, twisted it, and—oh, Scotland!—it came out a champion moustache—sandy color, just a fuesimile of the one on the lip of Warden Henderson.

"I could only work at this job

#### A Few Minutes Each Day.

and then hide it beneath the door-mat. I fastened the moustache together with a piece of white, twisting the wire-ends in such a way as to grip my mouth to hold the false moustache in position.

"The whole plot was now arranged. 'Archie, me boy,' I says, 'are ye ready?'"

"'Yes,' I says, 'All right; then watch the first opportunity.'"

"One dull, heavy Thursday morning in November, I overheard Warden Henderson say to a brother warden—'Off duty at four, Jennings!'"

"'Yes,' he says, 'I'll be there.'"

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## The Central Ontario Province.

By THE NEW PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

HANK GOD we are at last beginning to find our way about, at least as far as the official part of our work is concerned. We must thank God for a good, comfortable set of Offices, thanks to the Property Department at Territorial, and already we have had some most beautiful letters in connection with our new work.

Perhaps a few paragraphs from some of these letters will be readable:

ADULT BRADLEY, writing from Whitby, says: "We are both pleased to welcome you to the Central Ontario Province, and pray that the Lord will make you and Mrs. Read a great blessing to us, and I can assure you of our hearty co-operation in all things concerning the Kingdom."

"I just thought I would write a few lines to welcome you. I am pleased at the appointment, and believe that God will make you a blessing. You can rely on my best efforts to the principles of the Army, and doing my best to help you." So says CAPTAIN CRAWFORD.

CAPTAIN STEPHENS, of Chesley, writes: "I congratulate you on your promotion and welcome you both to the Central Ontario Province. My prayer is that God will give you every success in your new work."

CAPTAIN LOTT, of Sudbury, writes: "Just a few words to let you know how welcome you are to our Province, praying that your labor among us will prove a great blessing."

CAPTAIN LODGE writes thus: "Captain Gammage and Mrs. Dodge join with me in extending to you a most hearty welcome. I am so glad your health is improving, and am sure that God is going to make you a blessing to every Officer, Soldier, and many backsliders and sinners in this Province. Hallelujah!"

HERE IS A PORTION OF ENSIGN WYNN'S kind letter: "It is with great pleasure I welcome you and Mrs. Read to the Central Ontario Province, as our leaders. Our prayer for you all is that God will bless you in all your efforts to push on the War, and that you may see great results. Mrs. Wynn and myself are with you to do all that we can to strengthen your hands."

CAPTAIN McLENNAN'S little note of welcome was cheerful indeed. Here is a portion of it: "You cannot tell how delighted I was to hear of your appointment as our Provincial Officer, and by God's help I intend to do my best to help you in every way. I trust your health is so poorly, but it will only help us to love you better and rally round you more."

ADULT MATHY, of Bowmanville, writes: "Hearty congratulations on your promotion and appointment in this Province. God will see you in lead us on to victory. I trust your health is better, and that the Lord will sustain you in your work."

CAPTAIN LEWIS of the Old Market Cross, Richmond Street, writes a very nice little note, saying: "It is with all my heart I welcome you and Mrs. Read to the Central Ontario Province. May you have a blessed, successful command, and I pray that wisdom and guidance may be yours to direct in all things."

CAPTAIN LACEY, of Hamilton, says: "We cannot tell you how pleased we were when we heard of your appointment. Mrs. Lacey shouted Glory! I trust your health has improved. You may depend on us for we will stand by you to the end."

The following is from ADULT MCLAN, Hamilton: "Just a line from Mrs. McLean and myself to say that we are very pleased indeed over your appointment to this Province. We can assure you and Staff-Captain Minnie that we are prepared to stand by you and the dear old Army in the glorious work that God has appointed us to. You shall have our prayers and love at all times."

We thank ADULT HUGHES very much. He writes thus: "With all my heart I extend to you a right royal and hearty welcome as our Provincial leader. May it please God to give you the wisdom to lead us on to mighty victories. I am yours to help hold up your hands always."

Our old Comrade, ENSIGN JONES, of Brantford, writes: "Just a line to let you know how glad we are that the Com-mandant has appointed you to be our new Provincial Officers. We are equally pleased to know that you have such a worthy Com-mandant as Staff-Captain Minnie. We extend to you ten thousand welcomes. The people will be glad to see Mrs. Read up this way again. We do pray that God may restore you to perfect health for the great work resting upon you."

Oh, that God may sweep over the Central!



SERGEANT MARY JANE McLEAN, of Port Arthur.

#### FOUR SOULS START FOR HEAVEN.

WHEN asked whether she wished to get better or no, "If God will," was the quick reply, as she was leaving our ranks below, to join the glorious throng in Heaven. On September 24th, 1894, with three others, she knelt at the cross, and found a Saviour from sin. Since that time she has been a faithful and devoted Comrade, ever willing to rebuke half-heartedness and sin of every kind, not only by word, but by her practical life. She was very energetic in pushing the War Cry, and never backward in doing anything for Jesus. She lived a Soldier, she fought as a Soldier, and a Soldier, on May 24th, and we gave her a real Soldier's funeral. As we followed her remains to the Riverside Cemetery, the first march was a huge crowd of Soldiers marched, and some hundreds of people witnessed the scene. Crowds were not able to get into the barracks. At the night meeting after the funeral, two souls volunteered for Salvation.



On Sunday, May 27th, we held her Memorial Service, which was very impressive. The barracks were crowded, the bereaved friends of our glorified Comrade being present. While the Local Officers and other Comrades, including a sister of Mary's, spoke of our Comrade's devotion and loyalty, and sang some of her favorite songs, many were moved to tears, and two more souls surrendered their hearts and lives to God, one being Mary's brother. Father, mother, sister and brothers are Salvationists, and more determined to fight and meet Mary around the Throne.

JOHN S. GALE, Adjutant.

## The Red Rig.

THE RED RIG is a familiar object on the streets of Toronto, and is another of the many monuments left behind by Mrs. Commandant Booth, of her practical interest in the Social work of the Army.

The Red Rig is a covered-in van, on four wheels, and was built to Mrs. Booth's order, who herself collected the money to pay for it, and presented it to the Rescue and Children's Shelter, of Toronto, as a clean gift.

The Red Rig is a regular visitor at the doors of the Army's sympathizers, where names appeared so often in the "Thanks" list of this paper. Ensign Grace Spier, a bright little Army lassie, generally drives the Red Rig round to the storekeepers and meets with the greatest kindness, with scarcely an exception. By means of the gifts of food from kind-hearted citizens of Toronto, the large family of needy ones for whom the Army holds itself responsible are largely helped.

"GOD ETERNALLY LOVES HIS OWN IMAGE," AND AS HE DOES SO, HE MUST FOREVER HATE THAT WHICH DEFEATES IT.





MARY JANE McLEAN, of  
PORT ARTHUR.

# START FOR HEAVEN.

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N. S. GALE, Adjutant.

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# Battle Bulletins

## Catalina.

Three souls in the Fountain.—A. J. Brown.

## Pembroke.

Good meetings all day Sunday. Though no one yielded, conviction was felt. B. Ledrew, Captain.

## Moos Jaw, N.W.T.

Ensign McKenzie here with Building Machine. One man wished to know what woman had come to town.

J. H. Midgub, Reg. Cor.

## Jamstown, N.D.

We have just taken hold of the work here and are getting on well. Already nine souls for Salvation. Love the place and people very much, and are believing for great victories.—M. Green, Ensign.

## Ziehsheim.

Our new Officers have arrived.—Captain McIntyre and Lieutenant Heater. We received them with gladness. Lieutenant, who has been very sick the past ten days, is recovering.—Ina Green, Cor.

## Napames.

Our hearts have again been gladdened to see another backslider weeping his way to the Cross. Has been on the march, and is doing well. Prinsie God! W. A. E. Hornes.

## Est Portage.

Captain Haskirk with us. Five days' good meetings. Our poor old drunkard saved and is now marching on his way to Glory. Praise the Lord! All kinds of sinners may yet get saved. A. Graham, Lieutenant.

## Arnprior.

Since last report we had a visit from Eudene Kerr, our District Officer. Three recruits have been enrolled. Seven precious souls have sought and found the Saviour. To find we give the glory! Maggie Campbell, Reg. Cor.

## Bridgeport.

Bridgeport is not dead nor yet sleeping; we are still alive and ready to face the foe. FIVE SOLDIERS FOR THE Saviour. Believing for Bridgeport to rise up and flourish yet, like the palm tree. Capt. Ryan and Lieut. McPherson.

## Walkerton.

We are glad to be able to tell you that last week ALL CHURCHES SOLD. Praise God! Also since coming here two backsliders have returned to God. We are believing for them to stay this time. M. Collett, Captain.

## Edmonton.

God is still leading us on. We have not many Soldiers here now, but those who are here are all on fire for souls. Awake, oh sinner, from your sinful sleep, for the Judgment day is stealing in upon you! H. Kreiger, Reg. Cor.

## The Old Style.

We had a good case of conversion on Sunday night, never out before. He first came to town on Sunday, heard the drum and came up to the open-air, followed us to the hall and got converted. I think will make a good Soldier. We are in for victory.—Captain Haverford.

## Listowel.

Victory this week. Last night, one precious soul came to the penitent-form. Lieutenant Baird has come to help roll the old chariot along. We have started a Band of Love, also a Bible class for the Soldiers in the Company meetings. "On to victory" in our motto. B. M. Archer, Reg. Cor.

## Bismarck.

Captain and Mrs. Westcott, from Mandan, played us a visit, bringing Grand P. A. (Miss Addie) along with them. Meeting interesting and impressive. No suggestion here. One soul in the Penitent Sunday night.—Captain Campbell for Ensign and Mrs. Hulley.

## Simcoe.

Just got everything complete for our Summer Campaign. Band of Love getting special attention, also Junior work and open-air. Every Friday night lesson from the lives of Bible characters. Always something new Saturday night.—L. J. Taylor, Adjutant; W. B. Loug, Captain.

## Halifax I.

On the Queen's Birthday we had at night the Juniors' Service of Song and Musical Drill, conducted by Adjutant Creighton, with the assistance of the Brass Band, etc. The audience manifested their approval by frequent applause.

The attendance was large. After the meeting, ice-cream Social. Several souls sought the Lord since last report. Adjutant McLean and Captain Louis Lander with us for Sunday meeting. Three souls at the Cross.—Secretary Cuslin.

## Grand Bank.

As a result of the SOUL SIEGE REPORT, I had the pleasure of enrolling fourteen Soldiers and three Juniors. Captain Sparks enrolled six previous to this, who were going fishing. Souls are still getting saved, and we are determined to go on, possessing the Salvation Army spirit. "Never give in!"

## Dillon, Mont.

We are having real blessed meetings here, although we have not got our crowd back yet; but God is helping us wonderfully, and we are determined to fight on and do our best for His Kingdom. It is all Hallelujah banners. The brothers have gone to the country. We hold the fort. Yours to win.—M. A. W.

## Helena, Mont.

Going on to victory every day. We did have a new Major for a few days, but he was not here before we knew it. Well, Major Haskirk will leave some very warm friends on this coast; but we will give the new Brigadier a jolly Montana welcome. He is our first Brigadier. Of course we will be proud of him! Rogers, Reg. Cor.

## Temple Corps.

Sunday last we had Captain Arthur Hove with us, one of the old-time Officers. Good meetings all day. One woman out at morning meeting, who was sent to the Women's Shelter. We are praying for her. Eighty-two Soldiers present at last Roll Call, and a blessed time it was. too.—P. Turbost, Reg. Cor.

## Fargo, N.D.

Glory to God. He is faithful to his promises! We prayed to God to save. We were not disappointed. FOUR came and FIVE SALVATION. It was a blessed time to our souls. We started believing for greater victories to follow.—Amie Lindberg, for Ensign Thomas and Captain Haxter.

## Newport, Vt.

One dear brother came to our meeting on the 23rd, and before the meeting was over, he arose from his seat and said "I will try again." The last two years of his life was spent in drinking, horse-racing and gambling, but the Lord heard his prayer, and He put him on the Solid Rock—Christ Jesus.—J. L. M.

## Point St. Charles.

Monday night we had Mrs. Brigadier Read with us. She lectured on the Devils of Society. We had our hall filled with an attentive audience, who listened for one hour and a-half to the work done by the Army. Mrs. Read also explained the League of Mercy and what it had accomplished in the past. We also had Adjutant Robert, the French representative, and five sisters from No. 1. We pray God bless the League of Mercy! W. Goodall, Reg. Cor.

## Dresden Dolags.

Dresden has said good-bye to Ensign and Mrs. Savage. Although sorry to lose them, yet our prayers follow them to their new field of labor. Ensign Green has been appointed, but, and to say, through a serious break-down in health, has not yet arrived. However, Captain Collier is right nobly leading us on, and we have had the great joy of seeing four precious souls coming to Jesus since he arrived. The Soldiers and Band have not full of fight and are determined on victory.—H. E. Collier.

## Bermuda's Farewell to Major Pagmire and Staff-Capt. Gage

In mourning to-day, Major and Staff-Captain Gage bid a last farewell to the Corps and the people. At 12:30 a. m. the Corps and Soldiers to the number of 40, which the figures—marched the beloved leaders to the "Orinoco," where an immense crowd gathered all over the docks, on piles of lumber, and the verandahs, to hear the last words and receive the first "God bless you!" from the Major. Then the steamer moved off for New York to the strains of Auld Lang Syne. God of us the work done in Bermuda while they were here. Hallelujah!—A. G. Cor.

## CORRECTION.

The last word in the second paragraph from the end in the story "Allice Mayburn" in Cry dated May 15th, should have been "lighter" instead of "lighter."

## WAR IN MONTANA

### And How the Lasso Officers Go Through Difficulties.

(Special).

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA. — Ensign Fitzpatrick, of the Helena Home, has paid a visit, explaining the work done in the homes in the West. We rejoiced with her over the victories won, while she helped us with her presence, cheery words and songs. Livingston folk responded to her appeal for financial assistance gladly and the Ensign left us over \$100 richer than when she came. God bless our Rescue Comrades! Having promised to return a friendly visit to Captain Corlett's of Bozeman, we arranged, at the close of the Ensign's stay, what we thought would be a pleasant drive to Bozeman. So, with buggy and saddle horse, we set out. But alas! it had been raining over night, and we soon discovered that these mountain roads are, to say the least of it, not easy to travel after a wet night. To make things worse, the sun soon hid his face and it rained. On we crawled at a snail's gait hour after hour, wet, cold, hungry. Only twice did "Yours truly" dare slide down from her perch on the horse's back, for fear of being in the position of the Irishman, whose friend had to get a shovel to dig him out—then it was to dry her smacked clothes at a rancher's fire. However, we got to Bozeman before night closed upon us. But I am afraid Ensign will never want to take her for a drive again. Our Soldiers here have gone to the rescue, many of them, to get the weather set in, some to ranches, some to mines, cow-herding, etc., carrying the precious Gospel message and the Spirit of Jesus and the Army with them. I think of them as seed sown abroad that shall yield a glorious harvest. There are many faithful Comrades left at home. We shall all be in our place when Jesus comes to march His troops through the Golden Gates. Yours under orders, STANFURY.

## MIXTURES.

Read Adjutant Mudge's report.

Eighty-two at Soldiers' meeting at Temple.

CAPTAIN Hart. Congratulations, Comrade.

Major Southall was installed in his new position on June last.

"C. S. O." on an Officer's shoulder-strap means, Children's Shelter Officer.

The Chief Secretary has already weighed seven hundred miles this season.

Cadet P. A. Copeman, from St. Thomas, came to the Garrison on his bicycle—100 miles.

Major Gaskin thinks "Cry" mixtures good. He ought to know. Have you tried them?

Staff-Captain Hargrave has been a Soldier and an Officer now for fifteen and a-half years.

"He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy."—James II. 13.

Exact justice is the least that is expected from every man who has any share in the administration of other men's affairs.

Adjutant Moore, of Riverside, expects great things from his tent meetings during the Summer Campaign. God grant it, Adjutant!

Adjutant Byers gave an excellent address on the training of babies and young children at a meeting recently conducted by Brigadier Compkin.

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."—James I. 22.

"We are going forward. Eighty-five at knee-drill. Tell Major Purmire we are in for victory."—A. G. War Cry Correspondent, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Speaking in the demonstration of the "Sdril." "Demonstration!" What is "Demonstration?" Is it not the exhibition of, beyond civil? It thus speaks.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN.—Many Officers in West Ontario have got this well under way, and have some novel plans on hand for the furtherance of the Kingdom.

Major Collier has had an attack of mumps, and asks the question: "What do you think of that, or old fellow?" We think it bad, Major, and trust you will be rid of them.

There are further developments in connection with the T. H. C. B. Wait whilst "The meaning of these mysterious initials, you ask?" Why, Territorial Headquarters "Cycling Brigade."

A man was so powerfully attracted by the open-air meeting opposite Woodgreen

Tabernacle that he left his paint-pot, and, carrying the brushes in his hand, made his way to the ring and listened absorbed.

"If we can't serve God here, where we are shut away from temptation and have godly Officers around us, where can we serve Him?" So says George Edwards, of the Agricultural Department, Social Farm.

All the Officers of East Ontario are expected at Kingston at the time of Adjutant Blackburn's wedding, for a big Council, led by the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp.

BROTHER STATHROBY. — Many Officers have notified in the press through the country of this Comrade's arrest as an incendiary, which he has confessed to since being saved, with the result of his being arrested. The West Ontario Chancellor wrote and interviewed the Crown Attorney, and endeavored to make a good impression on the Government officials as to the work of the Army in this case, at the same time asking that clemency be shown our Comrade. The Crown Attorney has assured the Chancellor that the Court will give full weight to the considerations which he has urged, and will see that his letter is brought before the Judge, and afterwards, if necessary, before the Government, with a view of granting a pardon to him.

## MISSING.

(First Week.)

HESKETH FAMILY. Henry Hesketh, aged 84 years; Mrs. Robert Anderson, nee Hesketh, and Mrs. James H. Chance, all formerly of Marsh Lane, Euston, England. Henry Hesketh and his sister, Mrs. Anderson, were last heard of as farming in Canada about 14 years ago. Something to their advantage. Enquiries made from Australia.

YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL. Left England about 14 years ago. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then at Prescott, Arizona, U. S. If he will write to his sister, Sybil Jones, Lake Thwaitstock, Devonshire, England, or to his brother, William H. Young, Vancouver, B. C., he will hear of something to his advantage. New York and San Francisco Cry please copy.

(Second Week.)

1354. WILLIAM HENRY ASKELL, age 84, and Mrs. Robert Anderson, nee ASKELL, and Mrs. Jns. H. Chance, all formerly of Marsh Lane, Euston, England. Was farming in Canada 14 years ago.

1353. THOMAS SOYER, age 33; tall, stout, light complexion; dark hair and eyes; was in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1885. Baker or cook by trade.

1352. JOHN ROADLEY. Left Regina, N. W. T. about six years ago. Last heard from was at Birmingham, Nottinghamshire, England.

1351. SARAH LEE. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont. Age about 22.

1350. PETER MUNRO. Age 37; about 6 ft. high; fair complexion. Last heard from at Mossomin, N. W. T. His mother enquires.

1349. ALBERT RAND and sister, DARTENIE RAND; believed by their father, E. B. Rand, to be somewhere in Nova Scotia.

1348. JOHN FRANCES PERRY (commonly known as Fred Perry.) Last heard from was at Calgary, N. W. T. American Cry please copy.

1347. ARTHUR H. SMITH. Last heard from in 1895; was then at Victoria, B. C. His mother enquires.

1346. MARY ANN CURRIE. Married a Mr. Timothy Patterson. Last heard from five years ago; was living then at Ancaster. Her niece enquires.

1345. JOHN ROBERT FUDGE. Was last heard from in November, 1892; was then living on London Street, Toronto. Left for British Columbia. His sister enquires.

1344. MRS. KATE GRAPES. Age 60. White hair. Was living at West Broomfield, Ont., with her two daughters in 1892. Spoke of going South. Her husband's name is Samuel Grapes.

1343. ELIZABETH JENKINS and FRANK JENKINS. Last heard from was in New Brunswick, near Fredericton, six years ago.

1342. ALFRED HOWEY. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont., four years ago. His mother enquires.

1341. WILLIAM RUFF. Left St. Heliers, Jersey, for Newfoundland, 35 years ago. When last heard from was in the Salvation Army. Married a Captain Wilson, his mother enquires.

A Member of the M. E. Church in Jefferson Co., Montana, Speaks Highly of Army Work and the War Org.



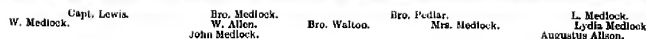
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Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agaricus bisporus* spores on the growth of *Agaricus bisporus* on the substrate.





**JUNE 27th**

## SONGS.

Tunes.—Come, Commence dear, B. B., 9;  
Praise, B. J., 143, 1.

1 Lord Jesus, grant my soul's desire,  
Send down Thy sanctifying fire;  
And purge me from all sin;  
That I may show to all around,  
The peace and joy that I have found,  
Through living pure within.

I long to have my will subdued,  
My heart in every thought renewed,  
And fashioned like Thine own;  
Thy promises in me fulfil,  
Teach me to do Thy blessed will,  
And live for Thee alone.

I want to be more like Thee, Lord,  
In every action, deed and word,  
In thought and purpose, too;  
I want more love, more power to fight,  
A perfect heart to do the right,  
To God and souls be true.  
L. Woollard, Captain.

## I Will Follow Jesus.

Tune.—In the Cross, B. J., 8, 3.

2 I will follow Thee, my Lord,  
Where'er Thou leadest;  
When the path seems dark and  
hard,  
I'll cling close to Jesus.

## Chorus.

Follow Thee, follow Thee,  
Precious, loving Saviour,  
Till I come to reign with Thee,  
Up in Heaven for ever!

I will follow Thee, my Lord,  
In the hour of sorrow;  
Thine which seem so dark to-day,  
May be bright to-morrow.

Help me follow Thee, dear Lord,  
All through life's rough journey;  
When my earthly race is run,  
Bring me safe to Glory.

G. Waterman, Captain,  
Wakefield 1.

## Now I Am Free.

Tune.—"Dear Jesus is the One I Love."

3 I once was bound by Satan's chain,  
In worldly things I took delight,  
But Jesus washed away my sin,  
And now I'm living in the light.

## Chorus.

Dear Jesus is the One I love.

For Christ, my Master, now I live,  
He gives me constant peace and joy,  
A peace this world could never give,  
And, praise the Lord, it can't destroy.

Poor sinner, Jesus calls to thee,  
Oh, come before He be too late;  
To-morrow you may never see,  
Then come to Jesus while He waits.

And when at last the battle's won,  
And all your lighters here is o'er,  
We'll hear the Master say, "Well done,  
Come, dwell with Me for ever more."

## War and Rejoicing.

Tunes.—What's the News? B. J., 12, 3;  
In Memoriam, B. J., 308, 3; Come to  
Me, B. J., 102, 2; Better World, B. J.,  
11, 3.

4 Oh, sing it out, ye ransomed throng,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
And send the joyous cry along,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Go sing it out in street and lane,  
In court and storn take up the strain;  
Repeat it o'er and o'er again,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

O'er the waters send the sound,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Unto earth's remotest bound,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Let heathen China hear of Christ,  
Let India's millions lift their voice,  
And Africa with us rejoice,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

A priceless prize we have in view,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
And we are sure to win it, too,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!  
Our faith's keen eye the slight beholds,  
Millions of precious, blood-bought souls  
Waiting into the Saviour's fold,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

## This Mover Falls.

Tunes.—It Was on the Cross, B. J., 17, 3;  
Why Not To-night? B. J., 114, 1; To  
Heal the Broken Heart, B. J., 15, 4.

5 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
All earthly gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.



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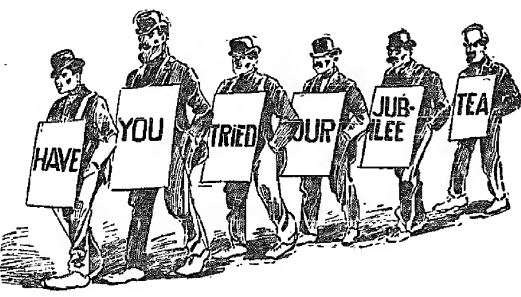
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Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His hand, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Tune.—Slumber, See You Light. B. J., 45, 2.

6 Slumber, see you light,  
Slumber clear and bright,  
From the Cross on Calvary,  
Where the Saviour died,  
And from His side  
Came the Blood that sets us free.

## Chorus.

Come away, come away,  
To the Cross for refuge flee;  
See the Saviour stands  
With His bleeding hands,  
Thy ransom is paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,  
When He knelt and prayed,  
Oh, what painful agony!  
When His brow was wet  
With bloody sweat  
In the garden of Gethsemane.

Come away to Him  
And confess your sin,  
Come to Him who died for thee;  
To His feet draw near,  
With heart sincere,  
And from sin He'll set thee free.

## A Life of Sin.

Tune.—Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

7 I was lost and undone, for my path  
I had run,  
And a wretched, vile life I was  
living;  
I had wasted my life, had a heart full of  
strife,  
Yet I knew that I might be forgiven,  
But I longed not for peace, nor my sins  
that they cease,  
That I might live a life full of blessing,  
And a joy in my soul, that would make  
me quite whole  
If I came to the Saviour confessing.

## Chorus.

I was burdened with this vain world o'  
sin,  
Roaming daily in the misery from within;  
Serving Satan, blinding my soul by sin,  
Wasting my talents of gold that God  
gave me.

I was grieving my God in the path which  
I trod,  
And a careless, vile sinner in darkness,  
Caring not for the right, losing strength  
day and night,  
As I walked in my ways, oh, so care-  
less,  
I would not heed the call, and whatever  
did befall,  
I would walk in my own sin and sorrow,  
And whenever I heard of the book of  
(God's Word),  
It would pierce me right through like  
an arrow.

But it did not last long, though this  
tempter was strong;  
I resolved that to Christ I would hasten  
And get rid of my sin and get pardon  
within,  
And to turn back on God I would never.  
I was sick of my ways, and my long,  
weary days,  
For I never have had any pleasure,  
Nor a day of true joy while in Satan's  
employ,  
Yet I found Jesus took me with plea-  
sure.  
Brother Libboston.

"Silence is golden" said the coward to  
himself when the time to speak the need-  
ful have word had passed. Verily, as a  
pearl in a pig's mouth, so is a proverb in  
the mouth of a fool.

To those who are His, all things are not  
only easy to be borne, but even to be  
gladly chosen. Their will be united to  
that will which moves Heaven and earth,  
which gives laws to angels, and rules the  
courses of the world. It is a wonderful  
gift of God to man, of which we that  
know so little must needs speak a little.  
To be at the centre of that motion, where  
is everlasting rest; to be sheltered in  
the peace of God; even now to dwell in  
Heaven, where all hearts are saved, and  
all hopes fulfilled. "Thou shalt keep him  
in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on  
Thee."

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